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The June number of *Bradley, His Book* (Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass.) may not be quite as dignified and important as the Chicago publication, but it is very fascinating and charming. The bold reds and blacks and greens are a tonic to the eye, and there is great delectation in the faded blues. The "Island Queen" is as pretty as Little Red Riding Hood, and in much less danger from the wolf, we should think; and it looks to us as though she were supplied with a pink and bottle-green flying apparatus likely to prove far superior to anything yet invented by our friend Mr. Zuberühler. Her hat is lovely, with strings nearly as long as she is, and her little blue mouth is as becoming to her as her large blue eyes. To our mind she is much nicer than the brown and purple person sitting up in the sky, with the assistance of certain visible hoisting apparatus, with the monster tissue paper flowers and the masquerade spectacles. This person is too near heaven, and looks too much like the other place, to suit our fancy; and besides we are afraid that her slipper will come off, in which case she would certainly never be able to recover it. As for "Folly, Crime, and Truth," who, Mr. Bradley tells us, are coming down the road, they puzzle us not a little. Apparently they are riding bicycles, and Crime is wabbling and afflicted with a most distressing visitation of the "bicycle face." Why Folly should be eight feet wide and look like a playing card, and why the background should consist of caviare, are questions extremely difficult to decide. In case Mr. Hazenplug should ever redraw St. Hieronymus he might put in a little caviare along with the gold moons. He might do this just to try. Possibly it would add a touch of dignity and importance to his admirable art, though we hasten to say that we are not at all sure of it. As St. Hieronymus stands, relieved simply by his gold moons and his air of great depression, we consider him superior to Mr. Bradley's bicycle group. He has certainly created much more powerful emotions in us. We consider him greater even than that other *Chap Book* picture in which somebody has just been slain by a huge Chinese corkscrew, which is represented as still dancing malevolently above his prostrate person. But we should think it quite likely that Mr. Bradley might match St. Hieronymus on another occasion. We shall wait, with what patience we may, for his July number.

"Will o' the Wasp: a Sea Yarn of the War of 1812," by Robert Cameron Rogers (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is as interesting a romance as we have read in a long time. It has character and spirit, and it is very ingeniously and